

CATS IN OUR BLOCK.

Description of the Different Felines That Make Life Uncomfortable.

Phil's cat, just across the alley, is the worst in the neighborhood. His style of architecture is gothic, with a broad facade. His voice is deep and growling. Nobody hears the beast on a stormy night. It is only when the moon shines with splendor and the air is still that Phil's cat lifts up its voice. Then, with stealthy tread and phosphorescent eyes, he leaps upon the fence, pulls out all the staples and with one leg against the wall begins to howl. That is Phil's cat.

He is a sidewalk cat by day and a fence cat by night. And then, too, he is one of those vanishing cats. Men



CAUSE AND EFFECT.

with tightly drawn faces have leveled at his form all sorts of missiles, but so far as is known nobody has ever hit him. There is something bulky and meaty about the beast, yet so agile is he that with a simple reef in his back he has been able to slip through knotholes in the fence when the storm of bootjacks and bottles from neighboring windows interrupted his guttural oratorio. Two years ago Phil's cat possessed a melodious voice as voices run with cats. But strict attention to business and a praiseworthy persistency in breaking the solitude of the night have put reeds in his throat and made his appearance on the fence more a matter of public concern than the soulful courting of representatives of the animal kingdom.

Hiram Bostwick's cat across the street is a ventriloquist. He is so big that he looks like a goat. The beast has fooled Phil's cat more than once. Old Bostwick is the ward fool. A member of the Indiana street gang hit him with a piece of lead pipe several years ago and to never got back the sense he lost that night. Ever since then he has been kicking plug hats off the sidewalk on All Fools' Day and trying to build a saw fangled washing machine. He has got a great cat, however. The beast is of the roof variety, and possesses the extraordinary power of being able to distribute its voice to all parts of the yard without lifting a paw from the shingles. In the dead of night, when the lights of the city blazed only here and there, Bostwick's cat would climb to the roof of the house by way of the lean-to and the woodshed and then howl blithely.

Such uncanny noises, coming as they did nearly every night, would unbalance a stronger brain than Bostwick's.

O'Malley, the switchman in the St. Paul yards, lives in the rear of Dobson's house, half a block up the street. O'Malley doesn't like cats. He says the best place to put them is under a grapevine. Last Sunday O'Malley started out to take the life of a brindle looking cat which had been sneaking about the kitchen for a month or more. He hadn't got through with his job last night. First he shot at the beast and blew away a portion of its head. The cat turned a somersault, yelped once or twice and disappeared. The next day O'Malley found the cat on the roof of the dog-house. This time the switchman stole upon the animal and hit it with a coupling pin. The cat yawned, shook what was left of its head and then darted under the sidewalk. When evening came and O'Malley was splitting kindling wood for the breakfast fire he beheld a pair of green eyes blazing at him from the open door. The ax shot out from his big hands. There was a commotion on the threshold and a dark object rolled out into the yard with a savage cry.

When morning came O'Malley found one of the haunches of the brindle cat lying near the woodshed. The keen blade of the ax had divorced it from the body. But the cat would not die. Al-



O'MALLEY AND THE BRINDLE LOOKING CAT, though sorely disfigured and somewhat at a loss to adjust himself to the position indicative of deep thought, the beast again dragged itself about the house. This was on Friday. This week O'Malley will make another effort to rid the neighborhood of the animal.

There are some of the cats in the neighborhood. It is likely that every neighborhood has them. But if O'Malley keeps his word there will be one less by the time the bells toll for church next Sunday night.—Chicago Herald.

WOMAN'S WORLD IN PARAGRAPHS.

Heartrending Tale of a Dog and a Young Woman.

Never do I cease to believe in the coming golden age when all women will be strong, wise and sensible, that is, nearly all. But there are times when I get tired of hoping, not permanently of course, only for a few hours perhaps. One of these occasions came recently when I read how a Brooklyn girl went and

of a dog. She loved that dog, the girl did. She said she paid a hundred dollars for him when he was a puppy in London. Then one day, when her pa was taking him out for an airing, the little brute, "Darling Daffodil," she called him, got lost. He was found and taken care of by a family who put him into the dog show. The girl who loved him so much recognized him. I don't know whether he had a peculiar way of drooping his blessed little tail or whether he had a peculiar note in his sweet little bark. At any rate she knew darling Daffodil, and then there was a scene which was adjourned to court. In court the family who had taken care of the beast two months offered to give him up if she whose lost love he was would pay fifty dollars for his keep. She refused to do this, although she had paid a hundred dollars for him when he was only in the stage of puppyhood, and she loved him so besides. Pending decision darling Daffodil was carried away by an unfeeling lawyer. Then the lady who wouldn't pay fifty dollars for his board raised the neighborhood with her sobs and lamentations. A stranger would have thought that nothing less than her own baby had been ruthlessly torn from her arms. All this when there are thousands of starving, homeless real babies that would grow to be noble, intelligent human beings if only somebody would have mercy on them and give them a chance for life. No wonder there are people who incline to think women are little better than idiots.

A story is told of a teacher in a girls' school who used to cut the naughty things out of the newspaper each day and then let her pupils read it. She soon quit the clipping, however, very wisely concluding that "the evil men do should be known to their fellow men for the protection of the individual." Quite right. Girls would not go wrong as often as they do if they knew of the snares that lie in wait for ignorance and inexperience.

The Pro Re Nata society, of Washington considered recently the so called "woman's column" of the average newspaper and unanimously condemned it as "silly stuff," but thought there must be a demand for such gush and nonsense or it would not be furnished. They thought that the prevalent ignorance of women about wider and nobler topics was responsible for the present woman's column of the newspaper.

Canada is a step in advance of the United States in one respect at least. All the Canadian universities are open to women.

The Chautauqua circle of Chester, Pa., is made up almost entirely of women, but they do not mean to be ignorant of the question which will form the leading issue in the next presidential campaign. They have been studying the tariff and have had addresses delivered to them by experts on both sides, so as to be able to make up their own minds. This is a good deal better than studying the ruined castles of Europe.

Mrs. Ladeau is bookkeeper and man-

ager of the Poudre valley herd of Holsteins in Colorado. She manages the fine dairy herd with entire success and carries on the poultry business at the same ranch—that of Mr. J. H. Packard, of New Windsor. Her poultry house is one of the handsomest in Colorado.

By Mrs. A. M. CONNER.

Not So Long, but Quite as Wide.

It is customary for railroads to issue annual passes to the highest officials of other railroads in the same section of the country. A while ago the president of a little lumber railroad in Minnesota—a line only four miles long and built solely for the transportation of lumber—called at the general offices of the Great Northern railway at St. Paul, presented his card and said that he had issued an annual pass to President James Hill, of the Great Northern, and would like a similar courtesy. The office employees were thunderstruck by this display of nerve, and politely refused to honor the request. The caller grew indignant and demanded to see "Jim" Hill personally. Being ushered into President Hill's private office he again stated his case and asked for an annual pass.

"But, my dear sir, your road is not a passenger line, and a pass over it is worthless," said Mr. Hill. "I know it," replied the insistent caller, "but it is customary to honor requests for courtesies. We railway magnates cannot afford to discriminate against each other, you know. It's a matter of regular form—discipline. It's part of the railway business, you see, and we ought not to violate any of the regular usages of reputable lines. See?"

"Yes—perhaps; but don't you see that you have no real railway line? Yours is only a 'jay' freight line about four miles long, beginning at a lumber camp and ending the Lord only knows where."

"Well, Mr. Hill, I'm willing to admit that my road isn't as long as yours; I never claimed it was. But my road is just as wide as yours, sir, and I want you to keep that fact in view. Don't you forget it, sir."

"By George! I never thought of that," cried Hill, and a minute later the caller left the office with an annual pass over the entire Great Northern system.—Chicago Mail.

MODUS OPERANDI.

To fall upon a Turkey rug Before her pretty feet. Protesting that the whole world holds No treasure half so sweet: To squander stamps and choke the mails With daily billets doux That breathe devotion fond and deep—Is that the way to woo?

No, never say a word of love, But whisper in her ear The splendor of your pedigree, And what you have a year—The colors of your Brewster coach, The beauty of the view Commanded by your Newport house Upon the avenue.

Her heart is sure to melt and thaw Before the cheering rays Of this new light which seems to show That matrimony pays. And when at last her hopes have turned Unconsciously to you, Be bold and ask her for her hand, For that's the way to woo! —M. E. W. in Life.

Progress and Poverty.

Poker is a reform game. The players are constantly going better.—Binghamton Republican.

About April 1st we will be ready to clean your carpets. Plant now being built.

Please remember us.

Respectfully,
AMERICAN STEAM LAUNDRY.

HAVE YOU SEEN

Our lovely new Axminsters, Moquette, Velvet and Body Brussels Carpets, and the grandest display of Ingrain Carpets ever shown in this city!

SMITH & SANFORD,
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TYPE.



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A LUXURY WITHIN THE REACH OF EVERYONE.

Fragrant! - Aromatic! - Cleansing!

Commencing Wednesday, March 31, I will present FREE to every one making a purchase to the amount of 50 cents or upwards of TOILET SOAP. This is done in order to reproduce this preparation, which is made exclusively by us. This dentifrice keeps the teeth white, the breath sweet, and the gums healthy, contains no acid nor anything injurious.

VALLEY CITY PHARMACY.

GERMAN SALTS.

An excellent remedy for Indigestion, Catarrhal Inflammation of the Stomach, diseases of the Liver, and Chronic Constipation. These excellent salts are manufactured by us, and we guarantee them pure. Any person suffering from the above mentioned diseases should give them a trial. The cost is light—only 15 cents a bottle.

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Plating on Table Ware, Hack and Cutter Trimming in gold, silver or nickel. Grand Rapids Electro Plating Co. & Erie Street.

LOCKSMITH

A. E. ALBERTIE, 58 Pearl-st.

(Successor to C. E. Parker) Keys, Scale Repairing, Saw Filing and all Kinds of Job Work.

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Will buy an elegant two quart Fountain Springs and Boudha. These are of first quality rubber, with hard rubber pipes. We guarantee them as to quality and durability.

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NECK WEAR

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AT
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TOWER CLOTHING CO.

THIS WEEK
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In the Finest and Newest Styles of Puffs, Tecks and Four-in-hands regular 75c. and \$1 goods at the astonishing low price of

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We are in the Men's Outfitting Business and are fully determined to lead. Look in our Monroe street window for Neck Gear, Pearl street windows for New Spring Clothes.

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Always Stirring.

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Engagements made for Receptions, Weddings, Concerts, etc.

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MANUFACTURER OF
Steam Engines and boilers, and General Mill Machinery
NICHOLS' LUMBER DRYER, LESLIE'S IMPROVED VENEER CUTTER, Live or exhaust steam, Hot Blast Apparatus for heating Factories, Dry Kilns, Iron Pipe fittings, Valves, etc. Improved Governors, Iron and Brass Castings, Building Castings, etc.

Where are The
BOYS,
CHILDREN?

MOTHERS and FATHERS

Just let me have your ears for a moment. You are now making up your mind just where to fit the Boys and Children out this spring to the very best advantage. Let us ask you plainly, if you wish to save money, get better goods, that last longer, wear better and look neater than is offered anywhere else in the city? We are making a bid for YOUR TRADE ESPECIALLY by the cleanest goods, the best values, at the most consistent prices that honest goods can be sold at. Over 2,000 Choice Patterns, all different, the very latest styles, all grades to pick from. You cannot help being pleased with our goods, BRING THE LITTLE FELLOWS IN

GIANT CLOTHING COMPANY.

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